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THE COCK AND THE FOX.

BY DRYDEN.

There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatched, and under covert of a wood.
This dwager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But hussling the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
A ewe call'd Molly, and three brinded cows,
Her parlour window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground,
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat;
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat;
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat;
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill humours out;
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.

Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread and milk (but first she skim'd her
bowl).
And rasher of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holidays, an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer
For crouching load, the noble Chanticleer;
So high her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at a mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapt his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold;
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.

It happ'd that, perching on the parlor-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so
fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men; and rose agast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven, de-
clare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble sight.
And, madam, well I might, said Chanticleer;
Never was shrovetide cock in such a fear;
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely dream not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
I feel I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled
breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest;
With waking eyes I never beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow;
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were tipp'd with much and unlike his other hairs.
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout;
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes;
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now, for shame, quoth she, by Heaven above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight.
He must be bold by day, and free by night:
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse;
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art afraid?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
If ought from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
Thy signify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old fables I have read,
Are from repetition and complex food;
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons and red beasts in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike
things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear
At us with their horns, and we in blackish
sweat,
As if we were in hell, we sink in blackish
sweat,
More I could say, but thus conclude my theme:
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
I should be loath to lay you on a tier;
And though there lives no pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a shrew'd doctor's fees.
Two sovereign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow),
On perill of my soul, shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler and of melancholy:
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the sun when in a vernal sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the ram,
If then he finds your body in a frame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
A tertian ague (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms; nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetory, century, and spurge,
And of ground-ivy, add a leaf or two,
Of which within our yard I have a store;
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's son was never born to fear.
But Cato, quoth he, gramercy for your care,
Your father, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,

And, as you say, gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by the immortal powers, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams fore-
bode;
For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it: but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.
Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow
Th' events of things, and future weal or woe:
Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pith nor laxative I like.
They only serve to make the weak man sick:
Of sorrows his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They're not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, tricks, I defy them all;
With every work of pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear;
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye.
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
Will thou art mine, and I am thy delight.
For true it is, as in principle,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
He said, and downward flew from off the beam,
For day-light now began apace to spring.
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crouching clapp'd his wings, th' appointed
call.

To close his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unlock'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground;
But swagg'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.
'Twas now the month in which the world be-
gan
(If March be held the first created man):
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Ariet twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd
right.

And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss'd;
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and with all pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfeign'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer perfections than a dame.
Our dame sits cowering o'er a kitchen fire,
And dreads fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall
wish

His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know
Jove made not him his master-piece below,
And that the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves, that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true, I undertake,
As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the Lake;
Which all the ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.
A fox full fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would
lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he
could,
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring
wood.

And musing long upon next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent;
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his
way:
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, such reverence held,
Of Coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
Now to continue what my tale begun:
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below;
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the normal in the sea:
And so he felt, that as he cast his eye
Among the coleworts on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crouch:
But cried, cock, and gave a sudden start:
As sore dismay'd, and with a beating heart,
Of birds and beasts, inform'd him of his foe,
Kinds opposite to theirs, and by their foe;
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false lion, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill:
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,
For on my soul I never meant you harm.
I come to spy, and as a traitor prey,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
The song of an angel in the yard;
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal gods,
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes;
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd th' tyrant's ear.
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband
there.

My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady mother (whom Heaven rest)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features does me good;
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the
ground
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.

And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not leaux attempt to please the
fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the
skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That sound striving through the narrow
throat.
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Nor Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a
swan.

Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Beasts and Birds, as I am sure you line:
That gave to sovereign Rome such royal arms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from
arms,
Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish priest the son and heir
(When sons of priests were from the proverb
dear)

Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk, his father, was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make hills and dales, and earth and heaven
rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice.
The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud, beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descey,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes rais'd by poets to the gods,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard,
And listened to, than modest truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both
his eyes.

Ambition, as he sought th' Olympic prize,
But while he paid himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the
throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursued by none.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow's poulter made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive
knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal, her husband, lost his life;
When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end.
Crying into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more agast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burnt th' imperial town,
Shrick'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to
die.

Now to my story I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
Of this woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of their husband's fall in horror to the ground,
And starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight;
And, cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Makin with her distaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs:
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break,
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks aloud the horror of the day.
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake;
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw from London-stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Of them the welkin rung with one and all,
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall,
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heaven above
to fall.

With might and main they chas'd the murderous
fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds;
Nor wanted horns th' inspire sagacious hounds.
Enjoyn'd the distracted dancers in the yard,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce could draw his
breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death,
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought:
Yours is the prize, victorious prince, said he;
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see;
Enjoy the victor's fortune while you may,
And bid the church that envy you the prey.
Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry;
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die;
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.
'Twas well advis'd, in faith it shall be done.
This Reynard said; but, as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke;
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his
might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight.
Whom when the traitor saw on trees belied,
He saw how fortune can confound the wise,
And that his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet, mastering both th' artifice of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend!
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws.
To bear you from your palace-yard by night,
And put your noble person in a fright;
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, Heaven can witness, with no bad intent;
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence.
Descend, so becom' Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.
Nay, quoth the cock; but I beswore us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiot only may be cozen'd twice;

Once warn'd is well lew'd; not flattering lies
Shall soothe me more to sing with winking eyes
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, sir, cock, let all contention cease.
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.
A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer,
But, with your favour, I will trust it here:
And, lest the truth with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree bewixt.

THE MORAL.
In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence and fond credulity:
Of learning, besides, of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd:
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—A writer in Frazer's
Magazine, for May, 1818, on recent discov-
eries in astronomy says:
The changes that do take place in the sur-
face of the sun are of the most astonishing
magnitude. The fluid radiant masses float-
ing in his atmosphere move in a wonderful
manner; some years they are perfectly qui-
escent, at other times they are in great com-
motion, opening in immense spots. These
spots never appear in the sun's polar regions,
and rarely in the equatorial; they are mostly
confined to two zones, which extend to about
35 deg. on either side of his equatorial belt,
which shows them to be connected with the
rotation of the sun about his axis; and Sir
John Herschel attributes their occurrence to
fluid circulations, modified, if not produced,
by that rotation, by reasoning of the very
same kind whereby we connect our own sys-
tem of our trade and anti-trade winds with
the rotation of the earth. Spots were ex-
ceedingly numerous, singular in appearance,
and of great magnitude, in the end of 1836
and the beginning of 1837. One of these
seen on the 29th of March, measured by Sir
John, occupied together with its penumbra
an area of 3,780,000,000 square miles; and
the black center of a spot that appeared on
the 25th of May would have allowed the globe
of the earth to drop through it, leaving a
thousand miles clear of contact on all sides
of this tremendous gulf. Such changes in
the surface of the sun, no doubt, have a
temporary influence on our climate.

Dr. Wallaston found by experiment that
the light from a Lyra is five times and a half
as great as that given out by the sun. Sir-
ius, whose parallax is insensible, and its dis-
tance consequently immeasurable, is nine
times as bright as a Lyra, and a hundred
times as large as the sun; so that that star
were in the earth's place, its surface would
extend nearly 300 times further than the
orbit of the moon. It is the only star on re-
cord whose color has changed: in the time
of Ptolemy it was red, now it is one of the
whitest stars in the heavens. From some
unknown cause, the colors of the stars are
often beautifully varied. Blue single stars
are unknown; red and yellow are common;
but in the binary systems the smaller star is
frequently blue purple, or green, while the
larger is generally red, yellow or orange.—
Sometimes both are red, sometimes both
yellow; white and red are occasionally com-
bined, and very rarely red and green. In
many cases these are the real colors inherent
in the stars, though at times they are merely
contrasted.

OPIMUM TRADE.—Mr. Williams, author of
the extensive, able, and interesting work on
China—"The Middle Kingdom,"—lately
made some very interesting statements in re-
lation to the trade in opium and its use and
effects in China. He stated that the king-
dom of Siam was almost broken up in conse-
quence of smoking this article, and the ac-
companying vices of gambling and drinking.
The liquors imported there are much strong-
er than any arack they can make.
It was the opinion of Mr. Williams that
from 45,000 to 50,000 chests of opium, of
133 lbs. each, are annually imported, and
this together with other articles caused a
great diminution of specie, which was the
principal reason that government interfered
with the English merchants in the sale of
this drug. Since 1840, he said, 140 mil-
lions of dollars in specie had been sent out
of the country, mostly for opium, of which
27 millions—6 from Canton and 21 from
Nankin—were paid to the English. To
teach a confirmed opium smoker, he said,
was almost hopeless. The Chinese never
chew opium except to commit suicide. They
commence the use of opium by smoking one
or two pipes daily, and go on until they be-
come perfectly victimized.

They limit their smoking to the expense of
about one shilling per day; if they exceed
that they think themselves on the road to
ruin.
This is supposed to be very detrimental to
government, as the Chinese have no loans or
stocks, but are thrown upon the resources of
the country and precious metals therein.—
Hence the necessity of stringent measures
to keep money in the country. It was be-
cause they felt that they were rapidly becom-
ing poor that they seized and destroyed
eleven millions of dollars' worth of opium.
In China it is death by law to smoke opium
or engage in the trade; but the abuse is
winked at by government. Throughout the
greater part of China, population and pro-
duction are so nearly equal that any suspen-
sion of the latter causes a sorrowful loss of
life.

Fuchau, at the mouth of the Min river,
the second in importance of the five ports,
spends a million and a half of dollars annual-
ly for opium. This drug is used by almost
all Assam, Boutan and Nepal, which, next to
Thibet, are the most degraded countries of
Asia.
The opium revenue brings to the East In-
dia Company thirteen or fourteen millions of
dollars annually. In all parts of the eighteen
provinces of British India it is extensively
cultivated, and next to the wickedness of the
heart, said Mr. Williams, the missionary has

no obstacles so formidable to contend with,
as the use of opium. Almost all countries
east of the Himalah mountains use this ar-
ticle. There are three kinds, but the Chi-
nese prefer the India opium. The Japanese
know nothing of its use except for medicine,
the Dutch having taught them to make pare-
goric and laudanum. Dr. Morrison allowed
one whom he baptized to smoke, as he said
he should die without it. The revenue of
India is applied to the payment of the officers;
so that England proper does not receive any
revenue from this trade.

SELF-MADE MEN.—The gods help those
who help themselves, it was said long ago;
and as it is in the world of matter, so in that
of mind, 'he that sows sparingly shall also
reap sparingly, and he that sows bounti-
fully shall reap bountifully.' But few men
are born to greatness. Infant minds are
vastly alike;—children differ less than men.
More depends on after education, than every
one dreams of, and more of that depends on
each one's single self, than some have sup-
posed.

Industry, self-application, invigorates and
expands the mind, overpowers all imped-
iments, and colonizes the earth with self-
made men of true worth. Of the scholar it
hath been said—
"Industry giveth him a crowbar.
To force, with groaning, the stubborn lock of learning."
And the truth holds of others as well as him.
'The diligent hand maketh rich,' if you refer
to riches of property or of mind. You shall
take two members of the same school, two
brothers of the same family, and give them
for years together the same facilities, the
same training and discipline, and under your
own even and equal hand, they shall shoot
forward into divergent paths of life, and ulti-
mately attain to very different stations of
usefulness and eminence. Why? Not because
of different motive powers, as in infancy
these two minds differ very little. Not by
external circumstances, for these were seen
to have been alike. The fact was, the dif-
ference so apparent in the end commenced
early, and widened constantly.

A mountain is made up of atoms,
And character of little matters.
Many things which improved the one, did not
affect the other. The one was active, the
other slothful. That, pursued on in the path
to greatness and good; this with equal
chances, lagged by the road-side. Both
were self-made men. And so of each half of
the world. O slothful man, blame not thy
stars, in thyself the fault lies. Fret not at
outward circumstances; gird up thyself to
mighty effort—wouldst thou make thee a name
or the world better for thy living in it.

"A man's own works make or mar him."
The poet here speaks truth, in our honest
opinion. "A man's own works mar him"—if
you are ruined, do not lay it to the bad in-
fluences around you. No one lays more
stress on influence than we. But, man, rise
above these bad influences; resist temptation;
it is in thee to do it, if thou wilt. These may
be strong, but the spirit within thee is strong-
er than a host of untoward circumstances.—
Reason as thou wilt, if thou art 'marred,'
thy own works have marred thee;—albeit
thy difficulties, thou art still a self-marred
man. The clear page was put into thy hand,
and thou hast marked it good or ill. The
virgin soil of thy immortal mind, O reader,
thou hast sown it with seeds of thy own
selecting. Remember, our own works make
or mar us.—Morning Star.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.—We have often been
shocked at the reckless disregard which
many persons manifest for the fulfilment of
their promises. They are ever ready to
make engagements for the future, but when
the time arrives for their fulfilment, they seem
to have forgotten them entirely, or at least,
to treat them as though they involved no ob-
ligation whatever. Such conduct is sinful in
the highest degree, and when indulged in by
professing Christians, furnishes glaring evi-
dence of essential defect in their Christian
character. It is also highly injurious in its
influence upon society itself, inasmuch as it
necessarily tends to destroy that confidence
of man in man, which is so essential to the
happiness of the community. It is especial-
ly detrimental to the interests of the indi-
vidual himself, who is guilty of it, as he there-
by forfeits the confidence and respect of his
fellows. His word accordingly, is not re-
lied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the
unhappy consequences. This sinful and in-
jurious habit is one of the most execrable
of which any one can be guilty. In ninety-
nine cases out of a hundred, there is no abso-
lute necessity whatever for any one to
break his word. No one should ever make
a promise, unless he looks well into the cir-
cumstances beforehand, and has every reason
to believe, that it will be in his power to
fulfill his promise. And whenever a promise
has once been made, it should be his fixed
determination to keep it, and with a particu-
lar reference to this, his subsequent conduct
should be shaped. Were this course to be
faithfully pursued, not only would the serious
evils resulting from a disregard to one's
word be avoided, but also the confidence of
those around speedily gained and enjoyed,
and a character thereby eventually estab-
lished, that will be of more value than "ermine,
gold or princely diadems."—Weekly Mes.

ANECDOTE OF PATRICK HENRY.—When
the celebrated Patrick Henry of Virginia
was near the close of his life, he laid his hand
on the Bible, and addressed a friend who was
with him, "Here is a book worth more than
all others printed: yet it is my misfortune
never to have read it with proper attention
until lately." About the same time he wrote
to his daughter—"I have heard it said that
deists have claimed me. The thought pain-
ed me more than the appellation of Tory;
for I consider religion of infinitely higher im-
portance than politics, and I find much cause
to reproach